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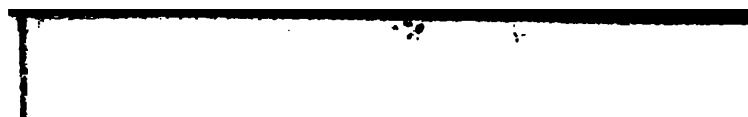
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**IN THE GARDEN  
AND OTHER POEMS**

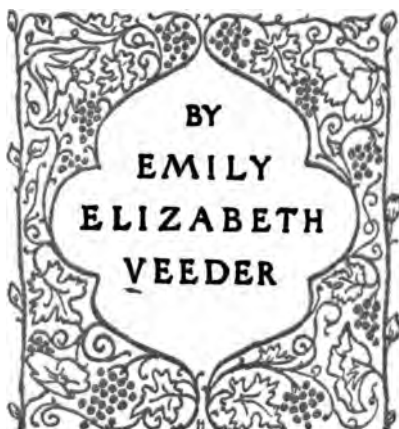


**HER BROTHER DONNARD.**

**BY EMILY ELIZABETH VEEDER.**

**Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.  
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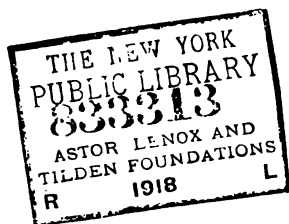
# IN THE GARDEN AND OTHER POEMS



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NOV 1918  
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VIA AIR

TO  
HERMAN VEEDER,  
IN TOKEN OF  
HIS WIFE'S LOVE.



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
IN THE GARDEN . . . . .	7
AUSTIN'S PAINTING OF CHRIST . . . . .	14
A VOICE . . . . .	17
IN MY DREAMS . . . . .	19
THE TWILIGHT HOUR . . . . .	21
WEEPING WILLOW . . . . .	28
NATURE'S TRUST . . . . .	30
STOKE POGES . . . . .	31
THE CYCLONE . . . . .	32
A SMILE . . . . .	36
OLDER LOVE . . . . .	38
AN AUTUMN RAIN . . . . .	40
TO A FLIRT . . . . .	41
WHEN YOU'VE NO MONEY . . . . .	42
ENOUGH . . . . .	43
THE SEA . . . . .	46
DAISY DEW . . . . .	49
TO SOMEBODY . . . . .	54
THE PARK . . . . .	55
THE HEART'S NEED . . . . .	56

	PAGE
LIGHT IN THE TRESSES . . . . .	59
OUR HEARTS WERE FULL . . . . .	61
ENTRANCED: A STORY OF WAR TIME . . . . .	62
PASSING AWAY . . . . .	90
BROWNING . . . . .	92
BRIC-A-BRAC . . . . .	94
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY . . . . .	95
ONCE MORE. . . . .	96
THE BEGGARS: A STORY FOR CHILDREN . . . . .	97
WISHES . . . . .	100
LITTLE DOROTHY . . . . .	101
TO A YOUNG WIFE . . . . .	102
THE SKEPTIC . . . . .	103

## IN THE GARDEN.

O NATURE beauteous and dear,  
Amid thy gladness canst thou hear  
A human wail, and comfort give?  
Ne'er to my cries  
Mortal replies.

How calmly thy majestic smile  
Imparts thy spell to me the while  
Our wandering spirits meet once more!  
From human sight,  
'Tween day and night,

How calmly doth the sun retire  
And backward cast a blush of fire  
Across the deep, celestial blue  
Of hills and sky  
To where I lie!



O Nature, turn from blossoming,  
From joyous energies of spring,  
And see the famine of my life.

By grace divine  
Am I not thine?

Give me again thy close caress,  
Thy whispers low with tenderness,  
That I may feel thou still dost heed

My cries and tears,  
My wasted years.

Long years ago we parted last.  
Ah, then no cloud my sky o'ercast.  
Free was I then. Chained am I now.

Alas ! my chains  
Are hopeless pains.

Ah, once thou didst so purify  
And understand and sanctify

The elements of love and life,  
Thou didst restrain  
The tyrant pain.

Dost thou with all thy passion true  
The even-tide for me endue,  
That once again my yearning soul  
May lifted be  
On high to thee?

Ye roses dear that overflow  
Your deep carnation glow on glow,  
Oh, light and warm my fettered life.  
No rose adorns  
My road of thorns.

O little brook, call me to thee  
As oft thou used when I was free  
And light as air my spirit flew,  
When we would glide  
The banks beside.

Ye blithesome birds that span the blue,  
The while your pinions catch the hue  
Of sunset gold,—oh, give my life  
Some wing-beats more,  
From pain to soar ;

E'en though your lyric life doth fill  
The air with joy, can ye not trill  
One long, one loud, responsive note  
To give relief  
Unto my grief?

O tree above, that understood  
As one who fondly listened could  
Whene'er in twilight we communed,  
We never missed  
Our evening tryst.

If that thy loving grief for me  
Is all too delicate for thee

To utter, e'en in undertone,  
Oh, stronger grow,  
Thy grief to show.

Ye birds and trees and flowerets gay,  
Where hide ye Nature's muse to-day?  
How oft her music in my soul  
Would wake the rose  
And love disclose!

Your feelings oft to her were given  
To strike into the heights of heaven.  
But now, alas! she hides to woo  
The daisies fair,  
Not my despair.

O thou imperious Nature cold!  
That breast so fair as thine could hold  
A heart untrue to me! True hearts  
Will true abide  
Whate'er betide.

Why draw my love to thy heart's core,  
If thou wilt help me nevermore?  
Perchance, if pain were ever thine,  
    Thou wouldst give heed  
    Unto my need.

Thou art to humankind akin,  
Else sorrow mine would ne'er begin  
To chill thy love. Oh, thou hast killed  
    The hopes I brought.  
    Oh, maddening thought!

The coming night assigns to me  
The limit of my time with thee.  
To thee I leave my murdered hopes.  
    Bury them deep,  
    Thy guilt to keep.

Bury them far from human eye,  
For thorns will thrive where'er they lie.

Bury them ne'er to rise again,  
In form of ghost,  
To be my host.

Methinks I hear thee answer, "Go,  
Thou clod! Thou prisoner! hush thy woe.  
Admonish thee and look to God  
Within thy cell.  
Farewell—farewell."

But, hark! a wail is in the trees,—  
A sympathy in melodies.  
O trees, ye comrades of my soul!  
At last ye heed  
My need—my need.

Oh, ye have tuned my heart to new  
And glad vibration, pulsing through  
The future, heeding the divine.  
Each blessed tree,  
Thank God for thee!

## AUSTIN'S PAINTING OF CHRIST.

THE mysteries of earth and sea and sky,  
The faces of the living and the dead,  
And all within this life's experience  
Have ne'er disclosed the meaning of Divine !  
But, lo ! within this face of courage high—  
This face of infinite love, of love that brings  
To human language shame—I now behold  
The meaning of Divine ! Yea, yea, Divine !  
If any heavenlier word I knew, that word  
My lips would try to utter now. I see  
Within this face the rest from struggles past.  
The outward being testifies that deep  
Within his nature the strong spirit divine  
And mortal life have wrestled long and sore  
And victory o'er each other sought, but now  
In holy union there they lie at rest  
And stir the pulses of celestial eyes :  
Those eyes that backward press the tears of blood,

The prisoned tears that burn and surge and wait  
And stain the eyelids and would outward rush  
To let the mortal gain the victory.  
All ye that worship not, the while ye gaze  
Upon this Godlike form, oh, do not say,  
“Too much of human beauty in this face.”  
If less were there, excess of light divine  
Would dazzle our souls to blindness. Darkly, then,  
How darkly should we grope our way to Christ !  
Can human beauty disappear, the while  
That flesh and blood combine with spirit life,  
E'en though outspread the wings that wait to bear  
The unafraid and sentient soul to rest ?  
All ye of little faith uplift your eyes.  
Ye will not quail or faint. Behold this face  
And this colossal image of our Christ !  
Through visions holy ye will seem to see  
The drops of blood wiped dry from hands and face,  
The form descend, the rope-bound hands untied  
And pressing back the gates of heaven for you.  
Oh, do not say, “We cannot enter here ;  
We so unworthy are and overawed.”



Oh, do not turn away. Be still and wait.  
If ye will gaze and gaze upon this face,  
A new and clearer faith will upward flash  
Your changing thoughts enwrapped, will lead you all  
Into the higher, freer, human life,  
And will deliver you from warp of soul,  
In that dear transport of your ling'ring gaze ;  
Your thoughts, aflame, fresh utterance will find,  
And ye will say, " Our faith and hope and love  
Are stronger grown. We now may turn away  
And lift our souls from bondage unto God."

### A VOICE.

SOME voices wake and stir my heart,  
And sudden joy to being start,  
And in that moment I can see  
Far into love's deep mystery.

So came to me, in vision bright,  
An old remembered voice to-night,  
And in that vision I could see  
Far into love's intensity.

Her voice was low as summer air,  
It rose sublimed in love's despair,  
And through her beauty I could see  
Far into love's deep misery.

Her voice divine my soul controlled,  
I felt the world slip from my hold,  
And through her spirit I could see  
Far into love's divinity.

O Love ! O Life ! to you I cry.  
Give me her love or let me die.  
O God, that voice shall sing to me  
The song of love's eternity !

## IN MY DREAMS.

AH, when awake, I never see  
The face with eyes of love for me  
In my dreams.

How well in early days I knew  
This being dear, forever true  
In my dreams!

The waking time ne'er pleasures me,  
For this dear face I only see  
In my dreams.

Nor time, nor fate, nor blinding tears  
Have veiled this face for years and years  
In my dreams.

If death be sleep, eternal sleep,  
Oh, let me die, this face to keep  
In my dreams.

Life would be death that could erase  
The death that's life with this dear face  
In my dreams.

## THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

THE consecrated hour has come,  
The dearest hour of all the day,  
Of footsteps hushed and voices stilled,  
And musings in the dreamlight gray.

The olden portraits downward gaze  
And welcome give the twilight dear.  
Their radiance of eyes illumine  
The wall in dark'ning atmosphere.

If now I know them by their smiles,  
They've solved the mysteries above.  
Within their eyes, if calm at all,  
If any calm, the calm of love.

Oh, how they seem to breathe and breathe,  
The while their souls, from daytime sleep,

Awake within their watchful eyes  
That knowledge of my spirit keep !

Thus to my thoughts they make reply,—  
“ Ah, if we chose, how we could speak !  
What memories to thee unfold !  
But we are wise, not human-weak.”

Within the chimney-corner near  
The twilight holds her court alone.  
The loved ones greet her there no more.  
Are they where twilight is unknown ?

Within the chimney-corner old  
The hallowed voices oft have sung.  
And there, in shapes of large and small,  
The Christmas stockings always hung.

And there, within her father's arms,  
The youngest child would fall asleep.  
The evening firelight from the hearth  
Would shyly start and slyly creep,

And, playing chase, would pat her face  
And hide in ripples of her hair  
That hovered round her like a dream  
And wandered down her shoulder fair.

How eager there from out-door play,  
With ruby cheeks and glowing eyes,  
The children told the fairy-tales  
And looked so glad and wonder-wise !

How quick their young, responsive hearts  
Returned to gladness from their tears !  
But now I only hear the hush  
Of all those early, precious years.

Thank heaven that has not claimed them all,  
And leaves my sacred mother here.  
Her love pervades the quietude  
And glorifies the twilight dear.

Whene'er we touch the soul of things,  
Her eyes of tenderness, to mine,



Answer my thoughts and speak her own,  
That stir from inner deeps divine.

Reposing now within her chair,  
Unconscious of herself she seems.  
How silently she thinks beyond,—  
Far, far beyond my thoughts or dreams !

Her soul illuminates her face,  
A miracle of beauty now,  
As if in holy ministry  
Her soul, in praying, seemed to bow.

She feels the largess of a power  
That causes, deep within, a change,  
A sweet, compelling, quick'ning sense  
That gives her feelings higher range,

And brings to earth the children all ;  
Replaces them in waiting chairs  
Within the chimney-corner near.  
She meets them with her eyes, nor dares,

With strong, impassioned motherhood,  
To claim them with an earthly kiss.  
To her one moment they belong,  
A moment infinite of bliss !

And, overawed, they watch her face.  
They marvel that a saint was given  
To love them with her mother-eyes.  
Such eyes they have not seen in heaven.

The twilight shadows deeper grow  
And veil my mother dear from sight.  
Within the stillness, love-informed,  
Is wrapped that peerless one to-night.

Alas ! in human-moulded speech  
How hard to shape celestial heights,  
Wherein a thought has flashed on mine,  
And loving soul to mine unites !

These consecrated heights I leave,  
And all their meaning unexpressed,

But, by the measure of my joy,  
I leave their glory to be guessed.

As morning dawn from night awakes,  
Awaken now my visions holy.  
Within their dim, seraphic light  
I see a loved one coming slowly.

How long ago in war he fell !  
But now I yearn with faith and awe  
To mystic sources whence he comes,  
To thus obey their highest law.

Oh, will his coming end my doubt,  
And prove he lives within the vast  
Of all eternities to be,  
Of all the systems moving past ?

How long ago in war he fell !  
But now the visions brighter grow.  
I see divineness in his face,  
And, hark ! an angel whispers low !

Ah, little would the words avail,  
If what he says I could repeat.  
In Paradise he learned to speak  
The language of the soul complete.

Apart from me the visions fade,  
The while, with farewell, unseen hand,  
He wipes away my human tears.  
Enough, enough ; we understand !

## WEEPING WILLOW.

**M**OAN, moan to me alone to-night,  
Alone to find relief.

Thy moaning seems an outlet dear  
To all my silent grief.

Oh, do not thus forever bow  
And rest upon the turf  
The trailing hem of thy pale robe  
That ripples like the surf.

Wherefore have all thy undertones  
The human grief within ?  
Art thou the Eve of Paradise  
In penance bowed for sin ?

Oh, didst thou lowly droop in fear  
To see the frown divine,

When banished from the face of God—  
From Eden that was thine?

Ah, better far forever doomed  
A weeping tree to be,  
Than doomed to live an angel lost  
Through all eternity.

## NATURE'S TRUST.

I HEAR the voices of the breeze  
That trust their secrets to the trees.

I hear the busy little brook  
That fills with music all the nook.

I see the gentian bells of blue  
That know the way to catch the dew.

I see the tendrils of the vine  
Around the trees know how to twine.

I see the bees know where to go  
And sip the sweet in sunny glow.

I see not who is at the helm  
Forever guiding all this realm.

Dear souls that falter in the dust,  
In guardian Nature learn to trust.

STOKE POGES.

**S**OFTER the stillness falls around  
Than petals from the roses pass,  
When they are wooed by zephyrs soft  
And slowly sprinkled on the grass.

Dear Nature breathes in undertone  
And hushes all the sounds away.  
Silence majestic glorifies  
The church-yard home of Thomas Gray.

Ah, meet it is the "old yew-tree"  
And church with "ivy-mantled tower"  
Forever guard like sentinels  
The poet's grave in sun or shower.

Slow, from this solemn hush complete,  
And down the narrow old pathway,  
I turn the while that backward float  
My thoughts to rest with Thomas Gray.



## THE CYCLONE.

I HEARD the ocean roaring,  
The rain in torrents pouring,  
The voices loud imploring,  
The homes in pieces dashing,  
The winds in fury clashing,  
And mighty thunders crashing  
Out in the night—in the night.

Fiercely flashed the lightning's fire,  
Frenzied grew the storm's desire,  
Heaped the chaos high and higher,  
Man and beast together crushed,  
Prayers and curses never hushed,  
Old and young in terror rushed  
Out in the night—in the night.

Louder grew the ocean's roar,  
Wildly leaped the waves ashore,

Drunk were they with human gore,  
Wide their open jaws were spread,  
Wanton winds to them had fed  
Living, dying, and the dead  
    Out in the night—in the night.

Was God His love declaring,  
Or tender mercy sharing,  
In all the wild despairing,  
In all the unrepenting,  
The mother's loud lamenting,  
The tempest unrelenting,  
    Out in the night—in the night?

On, on an old man drifted,  
Within his arms, uplifted,  
The winds a something shifted.  
He pressed the burden tighter,  
He felt his soul grow whiter,  
His onward footsteps lighter  
    Out in the night—in the night.

On, on with darkness clashing ;  
No more he saw the flashing,  
No more he heard the crashing.  
His soul was ever guessing  
If life or death or blessing  
His arms were closely pressing  
    Out in the night—in the night.

Angels mourned aloud in heaven,—  
Mourned that oft to them were driven  
Spirit wings all crushed and riven.  
Wings upbearing souls sustained  
By the faith in God maintained  
When the tempest raged and reigned  
    Out in the night—in the night.

Onward swept the storm from sight,  
Shame-faced crawled away the night,  
Paused the old man in his flight.  
He forgave the tempest wild.  
In his arms a little child

Waked and wondered, looked and smiled  
Out in the light—in the light.

Earth and sea and sober skies  
Looked forgiven in sunrise,—  
Looked so blest and tenderwise !  
Will the light of peace so shine  
On this darkened soul of mine  
When redeemed by love divine  
Out in the light—in the light ?

A SMILE.

**F**ADED, withered, changed !  
Dear moss and leaves,  
How dead you look to-night !  
My spirit grieves.

He touched us with a smile  
Divinely dear.  
He breathed a low farewell  
And left you here.

Ah, then, so bright you were  
Within this book,  
The sad, sad change in you  
I cannot brook.

But, wait, I see that smile  
With you that glowed,

That smile so long ago  
With you bestowed.

How luminous you've grown,  
Dear moss and leaves !  
No more for him to-night  
My spirit grieves.

## OLDER LOVE.

**W**HEN they were young  
They knew not how  
To truly love.  
'Tis better now.

They now may know  
The full extent  
And power of love  
That brings content.

And they may see  
When wheat is wheat  
And chaff is chaff,  
Nor let them meet.

Their views of life,  
So broad they grow,

How to forgive  
They now may know.

I've heard the young  
Contented say,  
"Love never comes  
Late in the day."

Ah, they forget  
That oft in youth  
The loving comes  
Devoid of truth.

Though late is love,  
It may be new.  
Whenever late,  
It must be true.



AN AUTUMN RAIN.

HOW long will the sky,  
With ancient Job, say,  
“My tears are my meat  
By night and by day”?

The rain like rivers  
Inverted runs down,  
Washing the windows  
And cleansing the town ;

Digging the gullies  
Around in the grasses,  
It truly belongs  
To the working-classes.

Will ever the sky  
In mercy grow clear,  
And ever allow  
Dry land to appear ?

TO A FLIRT.

I CANNOT hate thee as I wish,  
For hate reflects the hated thing ;  
And hate, perchance, would futile be,  
And no redress to thee would bring.

A lover's love is, after all,  
A worthless thing to fickle thee,  
And never taught thee how to love,  
That what thou art may cease to be.

If Nature gave thee any heart,  
The thing, unnourished, turned to seed,  
And in its place a flower to thee—  
To others what—but just a weed ?

I would rather love to hate thee,  
But far more would hate to love thee.

WHEN YOU'VE NO MONEY.

WHEN you've no money,  
Nothing is sunny,  
Nothing is witty.  
Oh, what a pity !

When you are ailing,  
All things are failing.  
In your own sight,  
You only are right.

When you are cured  
And money assured,  
All changes but you.  
How strange, but how true !

## ENOUGH.

ENOUGH to be and not to do,  
The while within the dell,  
My feelings take a holiday  
And yield to their own spell.  
The velvet mosses are my bed,  
The blue of sky is 'tween  
The leafage high, and interweave  
The sky of blue and green.

Enough that I am not too young,  
And called a winsome lad,  
As Nature is my sweetheart dear,  
The dearest e'er I had.  
Her breath is sweet ; she whispers low,  
And knows I understand.  
I like her custom e'er to woo  
And offer heart and hand.

Enough that she is glorified  
    Whene'er the flowers abound.  
The daisies white the moonlets are  
    To light the darksome ground,  
That coming ferns may see to find  
    The way to green the glade,  
And hiding blossoms, wee and shy,  
    Kindly to overshade.

Enough to be and not to do,  
    The while my sweetheart seems  
Too newly sweet or sweetly new  
    To shape my thought or dreams.  
The wafture of a drooping bough  
    Is oft her wooing kiss,  
To press my brow and leave to me  
    An all-pervading bliss.

Enough whene'er my sweetheart likes,  
    In merry, girlish mood,  
To fill a twig with silent birds,—  
    A light coquettish brood.

They blink and wink and wag their heads,  
And watch me, to allure  
My thoughts to smile whene'er I feel  
Serene, devout, secure.

Enough the while my sweetheart seems  
A witching fairy fair,  
And wears the liquid pearls of dew  
And budding blossoms rare,  
And blushes when the rosy morn  
Hath sent her forth to ring  
The harebells new, to tinkle well  
The joyous birth of spring.

Enough that never was, mayhap,  
A sweetheart true as mine,  
As she will never love undo  
Or hate with love combine.  
The meaning of her dear caress  
I knew so well to-day  
I answered yes, and we are wed  
In her own woodland way.

## THE SEA.

O<sup>N</sup> ocean streams  
Are glowing beams  
Of mirrored stars, the drops of light  
That come and go  
On wavelets slow  
And shine like liquid pearls to-night.

In tenderness  
The waves caress  
And woo and fondle o'er and o'er  
The shells they bring  
And leave to cling  
And whisper secrets to the shore.

The shore beside  
The mermaids glide,  
With sea-drops falling from their hair ;

And, half asleep,  
They slowly reap  
The sea-weed brown for raiment rare.

On waves remote  
A little boat  
Unfurls its wings beyond the bay,  
And it doth seem  
A sailor's dream  
Serenely floating far away.

Within the deep  
The weltered sleep  
And moan and moan within the waves.  
They moan to rise  
To light of skies  
And rest where flowers guard their graves.

Afar, afar,  
Each fading star  
And sea and sky are one to-night,



And are to me  
Eternity  
Illumed with dim, celestial light.

O sea ! O sea !  
Ever to thee  
My secrets of the soul I pour.  
Oh, I would seem  
With thee to dream,  
And hear thy voice for evermore.

## DAISY DEW.

WITHIN the sunset hue  
The brooklet happy grew,  
And whispered, "Daisy Dew,

"Come down the meadowy way,  
Aglow with blossoms gay.  
Come, Daisy dear, I pray."

The joyous call she heard  
And answered every word,  
The while her footsteps stirred

The meadow mosses sweet  
That hushed the sound of feet  
So fairy-like, so fleet,

And when I saw her near,  
And her sweet voice could hear,  
My joy had turned to fear.

The flowers heaved a sigh,  
The brooklet murmured by.  
Unhappy lad was I.

The willows o'er me bent  
To comfort and lament,  
As weary home I went.

I left that meadowy land,  
But in this dear hat-band,  
Caressed by Daisy's hand,

I'll hide the blossom rare  
That fell from tresses fair  
And loves my grief to share.

O flower that touched her head,  
Your beauty has not fled !  
Our brightest days are dead.

Oh, now I clearly see  
You rested here to be  
A blessing dear to me.

And, lo! yourself beside  
My secret I will hide,  
And you shall with me bide.

My soul you are to me.  
Oh, darling, I shall be  
A sailor on the sea.

I'll climb the dizzy mast,  
I'll face the wintry blast,  
And view the wondrous vast.

No more on land I'll stray,  
Lest all the brooklets say,  
"Come, Daisy Dew, I pray,  
Come down the meadowy way."

TO SOMEBODY.

**L**ET me yearn upon thy face  
Where the soul is shining through,—  
Soul so tender, sweet, and strong ;  
Dearest friend I ever knew.

Press, oh, press thy hands to mine,  
Dearer hands were never known.  
Close mine eyelids with a kiss ;  
'Tis the sweetest way, I own.

Tell me if thine eyes be true,  
Eyes of love and eyes of blue.  
Tell me if it is thine heart  
Glowing 'tween the lids apart.

## THE PARK.

HOW sweet and slow  
Thy voices low  
Utter the soul of Nature dear,  
The while she strays  
In woodland ways  
And pauses oft to overlean  
The lakes of blue  
Herself to view !

How heaven descends  
And softly blends  
Thy works of God and man as one !  
Would Eve to sin  
Have tempted been  
If Eden e'er were fair as thou,  
All glorified  
This even-tide ?

## THE HEART'S NEED.

O H, thou, with eyes  
Wherein doth rise  
A love-born need to glow ;  
To flash and burn  
And slowly turn  
To embers burning low !

Dost thou not heed  
Thy sacred need  
To love a being true ;  
A soul of worth,  
Not blind to earth,  
That gives to heaven its due ?

To thee unknown  
Thy need hath grown  
Too deep for lips to tell,

So it doth rise  
Within thine eyes  
And yield a mystic spell.

Silent despair  
Thy heart would share,  
If pledged to one denied  
The power to read  
The earnest need  
Thy heart hath sanctified.

The days of thine  
Would seem divine,  
If shared by one who lives  
To satisfy  
Thy need, or die,  
And love in answer gives.

With hope enough,  
Thy need rebuff,  
Ere heaven to thee hath shown



*THE HEART'S NEED.*

Some honest heart  
That doth impart  
The need that needs thine own.

Then, all aglow,  
Flame embers low  
And burn and flash full bright  
In dearest eyes,  
Wherein doth rise  
Thy love,—reflected light.

LIGHT IN THE TRESSES.

**B**RUSH from thy tresses the sunlight away,  
And give it, I pray,  
No mercy to-day.  
In vain have I prayed that sunlight so pure  
No more would allure  
My heart insecure.

Beauteous thou and so frigid to me,  
Forever I'd be  
A slave unto thee,  
Forever would bid thy sunlight to shine,  
If only were mine  
Those glances of thine.

Oh, deeply, too deeply my heart to-night  
Rekindled hope bright  
To share in thy light.

But never this hope shall darken thy sky,  
And curséd must die  
With passionate cry.

Oh, is it thy soul that breathes from thee there  
And warms thy soft hair,  
My love to ensnare?  
Oh, beauteous thou, and frigid to me,  
Forever from thee  
I must turn and go free !

**"OUR HEARTS WERE FULL."**

**O**UR hearts were full, we could not speak,  
The while we sat there cheek to cheek.  
We let the birds  
Sing out our words.

Our hearts were full,—so full of love  
We heard the twilight trees above  
Our love discuss  
To comfort us.

Our hearts were full,—so full we knew  
That every word they said was true.  
We understood.  
They knew we would.

For evermore will dearer be  
The voice of every bird and tree.  
And we know why,  
My love and I.

## ENTRANCED: A STORY OF WAR TIME.

### PART FIRST.

ROYAL with vernal vales and hills  
And harmony of sky and earth,  
Joyous with laughter of the rills  
And crowning Nature to her worth,

Waited the rosy Morn to say,—

“ Oh, maiden fair, a bride to be,  
Wherefore they pensiveness, I pray ?  
I kissed to light the vales for thee.

“ I woke the birds in woodland pride  
To thrill the air with cadence sweet.  
The while thou goest forth a bride,  
To music of thy passing feet,

“ The blossoms wild will bloom for thee,  
And greet thee, dear, in brightest glow

Of all my sunbeams yet to be.  
Oh, smile and all my gladness know."

Waited silently the maiden  
Divinely sad in bridal white,  
And softly veiled as statue laden  
With fleecy mist and pale moonlight.

Her beauty unaware she wore,  
As grow in wild security  
The forest flowers evermore  
In perfect grace and purity.

The friends and wedding hour had come,  
But where was he who loved her best?  
Muttered aloud and whispered some,—  
"The lover, e'en at love's behest,

Comes not and sends no word; the knave!  
An awkward thing and villanous  
To play with hearts! A soldier brave,  
And yet in love so treacherous!"

Down the path of myrtle drifted  
The maiden fair in close reserve ;  
Through the trees the sunlight sifted,  
And nourished all her faith and nerve.

Whispered Hope, with hope renewing,  
"Thy lover brave is near, is near.  
Stand and wait, the distance viewing  
Until it yields a something dear."

There she stood and seemed a part  
Of all the natural things around.  
Her pulses part of that great heart  
For evermore in Nature found.

Flowers would turn to look at her,  
And wide with admiration ope ;  
Waited and listened they, astir,  
As if instinct with all her hope.

Whene'er a step seemed coming near,  
All afire her blood would start.

Alas! the seeming steps were mere  
The beatings of her heavy heart.

Wearied of waiting, almost crazed,  
The maiden murmured to the air,—  
“Oh, am I wild or am I dazed?  
Blossoms my love to wan despair?

“The past and future meet at strife,  
And crowd the present half away.  
Is love the saddest thing in life,  
And nevermore the light of day?

“The flowers look a painted show,  
And only, only silly things.  
Why stare at me the daisies so?  
Go, stupid birds, go, stir your wings.

“Fly, tell my lover I am here.  
Oft here our inmost hearts have met.  
He loved me then with eyes anear,  
So near and dear I see them yet.



“My love for him was my own growth,  
And with myself grew day by day.  
We lived in that we loved, and both  
Because we lived we loved alway.

“How old and gray my heart has grown !  
Fly, fly, oh, birds, and say I wait.  
Fly swifter than you e’er have flown.  
Ah, me, ah, me, my love is late !”

But suddenly with hushing breath  
Seemed the trees all overladen,  
With dark forebodings, dark as death—  
Yet not a fear assailed the maiden.

Lifting her head, she cried aloud,—  
“Hark, hark ! the clanging hoof I hear ;  
Speed faster, speed, oh, charger proud !  
Thank God, my lover gallops near !”

Nearer to view the rider sped ;  
A stranger from the charger sprung ;

Dark tidings in the lover's stead ;  
Aloud the air with sorrow rung.

Ah, then and there the maiden fell  
And all her brain with anguish reeled—  
As quickly fell mid shot and shell  
The lover brave on battle-field.

And ere a word could pass her lips,  
The fount of sorrowing tears had dried.  
The soul had merged in dark eclipse ;  
Ah, then, of death she seemed a bride.

And thus they bore her slow away  
To rest within the wedding-room.  
Her mother strove, in wild dismay,  
To kiss the pallid cheeks to bloom.

She held the hands and searched the face ;  
She plead for mercy from above.  
She pressed her child in close embrace,  
And loudly cried, "Awake, my love !

“Perchance thy lover is not dead,  
Oh, thou so still, so white, so cold ;  
Awake ! awake ! be comforted.  
Embrace me once, I am consoled.”

But, statue-like, the maiden slumbered,  
A sculptured mystery at rest.  
Waiting guests the hours numbered,  
And oft the sleeper dear caressed.

Mystic the spell that bound her there  
And sanctified her silent grief  
Beyond the help of any prayer,  
Beyond her need to seek relief.

Anon, within her face to glow,  
A thought would rise in glad surprise,  
And go and come, and come and go,  
To ope the frozen lips and eyes.

Firmly together eyelids pressed,  
And left no room for tears between,

Nor shadow of a dream to rest,  
Nor light of love to intervene.

In silken rest the lashes dark  
Shaded the cheeks that no more hold  
The dimples full of smiles, to mark  
In outward mould the joy untold.

All underneath her lily whiteness  
Was the heart in silence throbbing?  
Were the eyes bereft of brightness,  
And in secret sobbing, sobbing?

Enough to wake the stricken maiden  
Seemed the brightness of that scene,—  
That arch o'erhead with roses laden,  
That glow of gem and silken sheen.

That radiance of flowers bright,  
That sunny charm of tresses soft;  
The tender flash of lovelit light  
From lovers' looks, unconscious oft.

The old and young with pride of state,  
The military pomp and glare,  
The soldiers brave that dominate,  
And captivate, and do and dare.

Still reposed the stricken maiden,  
A fragment sweet of pale moonlight.  
Scarce enough with mortal laden  
To keep from fading out of sight.

Half divine in grief's completeness,  
A goddess fair of slumber sweet,  
Marvel true of woman's sweetness,  
The structure of a dream complete,—

A dream so frail, perchance a sigh,  
Through the vivid stillness sent,  
Would wake the dream and win reply,  
To satisfy all wonderment.

The robe of twilight o'er them drew,  
And seemed a pall by spirits given.

Silence a living presence grew,  
And chided all, who left to heaven

The ways to ope the spellbound eyes,  
And broken thread of life to mend  
With finer touch than earth supplies ;  
Ah, they the silence comprehend.

But stupefied with grief are they.  
Straightway, with look that loud implores,  
A soldier cries, "Oh, sing, I pray ;  
Music betimes the tranced restores.

"Sing, sing the tender wooing song ;  
If tender tones in vain persuade,  
Thunder the martial music long."  
One raised her voice and him obeyed.

Murmured the troubled twilight air  
Within the casement ivy grown,  
And, stealing near, caressed her hair  
And whispered secrets all its own.

But the sleeper no more heeded  
 Wooing zephyrs' whispered sadness ;  
 All in vain the mother pleaded,  
 Vain the songs of joy and madness.

Waited friends, and sought in sorrow  
 Light of hope to strengthen prayer.  
 Oft they yearned to know the morrow  
 And all the mercy God would spare.

The moments of suspense would bring  
 The memories of long-gone years,  
 Of hopes and dreams to youth that cling,  
 Of fears and tears when age appears ;

And e'en misdeeds that ghost-like peered  
 Athwart the shadows manifold,  
 And like reproving demons leered,  
 And chilled the heart with touches cold.

To those o'ercome with dread or fear  
 With waiting in that twilight glow,

With mourning for the sleeper dear,  
The silence stirred with unrest low;

With stern reproaches cynical,  
With prophecy all fraught with doom,  
With echoings all tragical,  
Till Hope seemed frightened from that room.

The silence, that had never left  
The peopled spaces, grew and grew  
To loud confusion, that bereft  
The waiting friends of senses true.

Though senses true were all amiss,  
The mother's busy brain and heart  
Prompted this, and that, and this,  
Until she moved with sudden start,

And swift as thought in silence brought  
The lover's portrait, and beside  
The maiden kneeled and thus besought,—  
“Awake, awake, thou angel bride!



“ Behold once more this pictured face !  
Oh, do not yearn to him above.  
He'll keep in heaven thy own true place,  
As thou on earth wilt keep his love.

“ Oh, thou so dead, and living thou,  
Oh, press away the mystic light  
Inspiring all thy spirit now,  
And only leaving here the night.

“ Behold this face, this charm I urge  
To keep away the force above.  
Thy cup of life to utmost verge  
I fill forever with my love.”

Slowly the mother's voice had stirred  
The sleeper's consciousness the while,  
Motioned her lips to form a word,  
But only formed a wordless smile.

Her eyelids moved. Her eyes she raised,  
And long embraced the portrait dear ;

With pleading look they higher gazed,  
To see if angels hovered near.

As in a dream her look implied,—  
“Dear angels mine, your wings o’erspread  
The wounded form my soul descried  
The while entranced I seemed as dead.”

A sudden glory in her stirred  
The waking look of new delight,—  
A look too young to take a word,  
And yet with purpose filled aright.

Arose her voice serenely, slowly,  
As flames arise from altar fires  
Forever burning to the holy  
In all that inmost soul desires.

Trembled that voice like shafts of flame  
From inward rush of rapture pent,  
Then called aloud her lover’s name,  
That seemed as light through darkness sent.

Waiting angels their mission knew,  
And caught that name to her so dear ;  
Outward upon the night they flew,  
Afar they sped with vision clear.

As angels all were sightless e'en,  
Save her to whom they were assigned,  
Wondered the friends if she had seen  
The destiny that name would find.

They knew not how and knew not why  
Her voice had set their hearts at ease,  
Or seemed her lover's name to cry,  
As rapture tuned to symphonies.

Slowly faded the maiden's smile,  
Once more reclosed the eyes and lips ;  
Faded the glow from cheeks the while,  
As sunset hue in twilight dips.

Celestial light once more o'erflowed  
The features all of mournful grace,

As if the seraph wings that glowed,  
In passing near, had touched her face.

Waited the friends ; their hope had waned,  
But love had grown and truly given  
Sublimar thoughts than were attained  
Before the trance their hearts had riven.

Sorrow across their faces spread  
As white frost o'er a garden flower.  
A silent prayer the midnight said,  
The stillness lost all vital power.

Gazing upon the maiden's face,  
The mother thought, " Oh, must I miss  
Thy kisses now and thy embrace  
For after gain of earthly bliss ?

" A further range of love we'll know  
In that reunion doubly sweet.  
How true and grand our lives will grow  
In that dear future when we meet !

“ Though heavenly light illumines thy soul,  
Though cold art thou as lifeless clay,  
No spirit bell doth seem to toll  
The passing of thy soul away.

“ Our ruling sovereign, Love, is here,  
And doth within thy being keep  
Electric forces burning clear,  
To warm thee from thy mystic sleep.

“ Oh, thou, my child, so beauteous,  
If thou art smiled on from above,  
That stronger and more duteous  
Thy soul will grow mid earthly love ;

“ Ah, then, belovéd, thou wilt see  
The use of life, and try to make  
Straight ways for others and for thee,  
But more for others than thy sake.

“ In that dear sequence thou wilt know  
The soul's achievements even here ;

Thy sense of joy acute will grow,  
And earth will seem a holier sphere.

“Sleep, sleep! No more will I demand  
The uses of thy spirit now,  
Nor even try to understand  
The soulward gain thy looks avow.

“Sleep, sleep! No more I’ll breathe complaint.  
See, darling, in thy hand I leave  
This living rose, that guardian saint  
A consolation may receive.”

Colder and whiter grew the maiden,  
A symbol mute of paradise,  
Half divine with beauty laden,  
A mystery to mortal eyes.

PART SECOND.

Another midnight scene afar!  
The battle-field was dyed with gore;

No light except from a distant star ;  
Silent the cannon's flashing roar.

No more they fought with hate of hell,  
But foes were friends in ghastly heaps ;  
No more the smoke of shot and shell  
Up like a fiery spectre leaps.

Over the field of darkness damp,  
Beside the wounded, dying, dead,  
Sadly unto the surgeon's camp  
A horseman from the distance sped.

And this the heavy silence thrilled,—  
“The maiden lies entranced, spellbound !  
Alas ! her lover brave is killed !”  
The surgeon started, glanced around ;

He seized a lantern burning bright,  
He searched the seeming dead once more ;  
A moan he heard, and, lo ! to sight  
A living face amid the gore !

So near he saw his lifted gaze  
Of wonder sweet, the surgeon knew  
The soldier brave of other days,  
And tenderly and fondly drew

Within the shelter of his breast  
His pallid brow, his drooping head,  
And truly soothed him into rest,  
And warmed and calmed and comforted.

Then softly low he murmured slow,—  
“I heard hosannas round me roll ;  
I heard unfold the wings aglow  
To bear away from earth my soul.

“Some angels then made echo near  
The dear, dear voice that called my name.  
That voice ! O God ! that voice so dear  
My freezing blood has warmed to flame !”

The surgeon, calm with dread, replied,—  
“The maiden lies in death-like trance.



She waited long to be thy bride."

The soldier turned with troubled glance,

But stronger grew the ebbing breath,

Uplifted proud the head that bowed

And love and hope as strong as death,

Aroused the voice that cried aloud,—

"To her I fly! My horse! Be quick!"

The clear command was soon obeyed.

Ere long he sped through darkness thick,

And o'er his head the forest swayed.

Faithful the noble charger fleet,

And urging spur he needed not.

The rider feared not love's defeat;

His bleeding wounds were all forgot.

His vision caught a hill-side star,

But, lo! to nearer, clearer view,

A lighted home was that sweet star,

And all by slow gradations grew

The maiden's home,—a beacon light  
To him who gazed with vision clear.  
Through dark remainder of that night  
He seemed to race with death too near.

The race he won ere night was done,  
Unheeding all save her he sought ;  
He kneeled beside the stricken one,  
The cold white hands in his he caught.

And long and tenderly above her,  
In agony ecstatic, leaned  
The silent, waiting, watching lover,  
As if from death her face he screened.

He murmured low a love-song slow,  
His pleading voice her spirit knew,  
The loving words he whispered low,  
A breath, a breath she almost drew ;

But slowly woke as any flower  
That deepest beauty doth distil

From summer sun and gentle shower,  
Until its life it doth fulfil.

Her bosom heaved, her eyes found sight,  
And thought arose within her eyes,  
As burning stars arise to light  
And warm the winter of the skies.

Her eyes grew luminous with love,  
And sweet with sainthood outward poured  
The radiance they found above,  
The while entranced her spirit soared.

The lover gazed, and, gazing, thought,  
"Oh, eyes like this forever shine !  
The beauty of thy nature wrought  
Thy look so silently divine.

"Thine eyes could thrill and stir the dead,  
And warm their dark to brightest bloom,  
And seem to them a heaven instead  
The rayless gloom and silent tomb."

The lovers' eyes their vows renewed,  
And silent each to each replied ;  
As rhyme to rhyme, with love imbued,  
Blended their spirits sanctified.

The maiden seemed a gem of light  
To which his spirit turned to glow  
As blossoms lean to sunshine bright,  
And better, brighter, stronger grow.

No more the minutes limped and crept ;  
The light of joy illumined all.  
No more the waiting blossoms slept,  
And dawn removed the starry pall.

When eyes to eyes the vows renewed,  
The marriage angel quick restored  
Her drooping wings, and well imbued  
With vows renewed, she outward soared.

In Nature's ear the news she told,  
And bridal roses woke to hear ;

Their hearts, too small so much to hold,  
Breathed all they heard to flowers near.

•

The angel then the news disclosed  
So noisily to every breeze  
That Cupid, wan, no more reposed,  
And woke beneath the shading trees.

Fluttered his weary wings from rest,  
And dripped the dewy, dawning light.  
Profoundly with himself impressed,  
He turned, and, lo ! the angel bright.

And her all envious he deemed  
The while he spoke with fervor true,—  
“ When troubled dreams thy hoping seemed,  
And lost the lovers to thy view,

“ My arrow touched the soldier brave,  
As dying on the field he lay.  
I made him then my very slave,  
And all my orders to obey.

“ ’Twas I from jaws of death that drew  
The maiden dear to thy embrace.  
Beyond my gates of Eden through  
She passes now, nor steps retrace.

“ Within the battle-field of love  
I made the lover conquer more  
Than all the prayers to heaven above  
The beauteous being to restore.

“ If yoked as one, they’d always meet  
The troubles due to all below,  
A vaster passion and more sweet,  
Their vaster lives will always grow.

“ All but my subjects thou wilt find  
Are purified through trials deep.  
Ah, thus are they so coarse and blind,  
No other way to heaven they creep.

“ I’ve blown these buds of love for thee,  
And thou wilt see their golden close.

Ere thus they wither, gaze, and see  
The maiden fair, a perfect rose.

“To thee, old friend, I leave the twain,  
From duties thine I cannot tell  
How it befell that I refrain.  
Once more to thee farewell, farewell.”

The marriage angel drooped her head,  
She hardly breathed a faint adieu,  
So deep she pondered all he said,  
And wondered why away he flew.

“Ah, me,” she sighed, and, sighing, thought,—  
“That silly Cupid is more wise  
Than all the sages ever brought  
To lower earth from learned skies.”

Dear Nature summoned every rill  
And bird and flower from hill and glade;  
She held a jubilee at will,  
And sweet the lovers' meeting made.

And there they stood victorious ;  
The lover's eyes of calm command  
Beheld the maiden glorious,  
And silently reclaimed her hand.

To them was love as sunrise new,  
And e'en as sight to blindness given ;  
As beauty in a poet's view,  
And grand as waking first in heaven.

Ere that sunrise of love was o'er  
The sacred yea and yea they said ;  
Oh, then the arch of roses bore  
A sudden brightness overhead.

From hills and glades and valleys green  
The morn in sudden splendor beamed  
And glorified that wedding scene  
And silent benediction seemed.



PASSING AWAY.

O THOU spirit of night,  
Wherefore the lay  
Of a mournful delight  
Passing away?

Whence cometh the lowly,—  
The distant lay?  
Who singeth so slowly,  
“Passing away”?

Methinks a fair maiden  
Singeth the lay  
Of a hope love-laden,  
Passing away.

Are her soul-eyes saintly  
Growing each day?  
Are her footsteps faintly  
Passing away?

Oh, the spirit denies  
Whate'er I pray.  
Only stillness replies,  
"Passing away."

Ah, dimmer and dearer  
Groweth the lay.  
The maiden is nearer  
Passing away.

O thou angel of death,  
Hush not the lay.  
Art thou he who saith,  
"Passing away" ?

Oh, the angel denies  
Whate'er I pray.  
Only darkness replies,  
"Passing away."

BROWNING.

TO read him, you say,  
    "Is work and not play."  
If once to your mind  
His tunes you should find,  
And never decline  
To march into line,  
As soldiers will tread  
When marshalled and led,  
You surely will say  
    "The work is half play."

You he will fetter  
Till you are better.  
His sense, at your ease  
You guess, as you please.  
He makes you his speller,  
He's like the name "Veller."

That began with a "We"  
Or began with a "V,"  
That the speller might make  
Any choice he would take.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

**H**E who doth no beauty own  
Should be loved by faith alone.  
He who doth but beauty own  
Should be loved by sight alone.

He who doth no merit own  
Should be loved by saints alone.  
He who doth but merit own,  
Ere he speaks from earth has flown.

He who thought of self alone  
Passed the door of heaven unknown,  
For his soul so small had grown,  
Through the key-hole it had flown.

## FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

HALF-WAY divine  
Thou mother mine  
Art crowned with wedded years to-day  
More nobly far  
Than monarchs are  
Encrowned with jewels in array.  
The deeds that gem  
Thy diadem  
Are jewels none can steal away.

Thy children all  
As subjects call  
Thy God-ward reign sublime, serene.  
Beyond thy throne  
Of home, in-grown  
With guidance true, thy sway is seen.  
To thee to-day  
Thy subjects say,  
“Our sacred mother is our Queen.”

ONCE MORE.

ONCE more, once more, before I go,  
My hand would press thy locks of snow.

- Once more, once more, before good-bye,  
My hand in thine would fondly lie.

I pray thy heart not to arise  
Once more for me within thine eyes.

I cannot, cannot hear that knell  
The saddest word of words,—farewell.

This parting seems our smiting-rod.  
Hush, hush ! the silence may be God !

## THE BEGGARS : A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

“PLEASE, mam, des give us some bread, please.  
Oh, see Doo-doo.  
He’s hungry too.  
He’s des my own dog, all I have  
To love, and he,  
How he loves me !”

“Where is your home, you pretty one ?  
You are too small  
To beg at all.”  
“Well, mam, at home they all did die.  
A lady kind  
For me did find

“A nice, big house, but, oh, she said,—  
Away must go  
Doo-doo, and so



98 *THE BEGGARS: A STORY FOR CHILDREN.*

We des could'nt help it, not a bit.

We run'd away.

We couldn't stay."

" Why love you so your Doo-doo, dear?"

" 'Cause he des cried

When mom-ah died.

O dear, the sidewalk is so cold !

I wish each foot

Was des a root,

" To be so warm under the ground.

Not anywhere

To say a prayer !

No place to kneel ! We told mom-ah

We'd say 'em right

Des every night."

" Where did you think that you would sleep?"

" We didn't know.

We loved God so,

We thought he'd find a place for us.

We could'nt stay.

We run'd away."

"Come home with me, my little dear.

I'll find a place

For you to grace

With tender prayer. Doo-doo will come,

Yes, yes, to stay

With us alway."

## WISHES.

**I** WISH the wind that shivers, grieves  
Amid the silken stir of leaves,  
Would turn to joy in solace dear,  
A weary soul to calm and cheer.

I wish that languid hope would start  
To gladlier blossom in my heart,  
And there enfold a promise true  
As that in buds that sip the dew.

I wish the waters of this rill,  
That Nature's ear with secrets fill,  
Would lullaby away my sighs—  
As sunlight falls where shadow lies.

I know not if I ever may  
Believe that Hope with me will stay ;  
For sturdy Doubt takes Hope to wife,  
And tempers her to his own life.

LITTLE DOROTHY.

THOU in sun-bonnet of white  
    Art my one dear, budding rose.  
The golden ripples of light  
    Thy radiant curls enclose.

Thy love and thy life laugh through  
    Two wonders of glory that are  
The tenderest eyes of blue,  
    And each in my heaven a star.

Art mine with thy tip-toe kisses  
    So oft on my napping brow.  
Thy kissing lips are my blisses,—  
    Hush, hush ! she is coming now.

TO A YOUNG WIFE.

YOU say, "My life the shadows touch."  
Would they your rosy sky e'er mask  
If you would ne'er expect or ask  
Of human nature, dear, too much?

You say, "He raves, nor doth implore  
My pardon then, nor deems the kiss  
From his own lips the least amiss,  
The lips that cursed a breath before."

Go, go, sweet one, and learn in youth  
To rise no more to greet your gloom,  
Nor entertain, nor give it room,  
But say, "Begone, intruder here!"

Go crown his love thy king serene.  
Go rest on him your tender eyes  
Until he dreams of Paradise,  
And you of all his love are Queen.

## THE SKEPTIC.

COMES a meaning, mystic murmur  
Undulating in the air.  
Comes it from that skeptic drooping  
Near the grave that thorn-buds bare?

In that grave his hopes are buried,—  
Hopes of an immortal home.  
Looms his future not a temple  
Beaming high with spirit-dome,

For the builder, Faith, has perished  
In the heart of him undone  
By the grave that holds him spell-bound  
In the waning of his sun.

Never comes a peace unfailing,  
Strung within his soul anew,

Tuned to hope and faith vibrating  
All his waiting future through.

Moans he staring in his sadness,  
Seems the ghost of all the dead  
Buried in the graves beside him,—  
Buried there un comforted.

Nearer crept I, waited, hearkened,  
Heard a moan, an inward cry,—  
“Once a king I ruled the nations;  
Now a babe-faced fool am I.”

Oft the strongest are the weakest  
When they try to lift the pall.  
Oft the weakest are the strongest  
When they come to bury all.

O thou skeptic, cold and self-bound !  
Wherefore trust to thee alone,  
If intelligence controlling  
Worlds is higher than thine own ?













**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

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